MILK FOR THE MILLION.

THE PRODUCERS, SHIPPERS, AND DEALERS.

Notable Facts About a Great City's Milk Supply—Where It Comes From—How It Is Tested and Sold—The Farmer and the Milkman.

Chicago's Supply of Milk.

VERY day in the year Chicagoans consume of fresh milk and cream an average of 80,000 gallons, which means 30,000,000 gallons annually, says the Herald. This is about four times as much as the ocean of beer that is drank up by Chicago in the course of a year, and it is about thirty times as large a quantity as the whisky that is consumed. It means an expenditure of $6,000,000 for milk per year, which is—excepting meat and flour—the largest single item of expense in the food bill. This, it may be mentioned, takes no account of condensed milk, although of that, too, several millions of cans are sold in this town.

From all of which it may be gathered that the milk industry—the producing, shipping, and selling of it—is not to be sneezed at in point of magnitude and importance. Another significant fact—the consumption of milk is growing marvelously in Chicago, more than keeping step with the rapid growth in the city. A couple of years ago one railroad system—the Northwestern—brought 2,000,000 cans of milk to town per year and earned some $300,000 in freight on them. To-day the same road ships 4,000,000 cans and has increased its freight receipts on it correspondingly.

"The fact that more milk per head of population is consumed in Chicago than formerly," said E. D. Brigham, division freight agent of the Northwestern, who has charge of the milk business of the road, "is principally due to the better quality of the article, improving steadily all the while. And this again is due, in a measure at least, to the better organization of both producers and sellers of milk. By reason of it comparatively little milk of poor quality is sent here, and the practice is so much discouraged and pays so badly in the long run that it may be hoped that at last it will be discontinued altogether. There is, of course, no way of preventing dishonest dealers from adulterating or deteriorating the milk after it has reached them here, but even in this respect it is true that 'honesty is the best policy.'"

Where the Milk Comes From.

Nearly all the milk we get here comes from within a radius of fifty to sixty miles, a belt of carefully cultivated country in Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin. The best and richest milk we drink is obtained from the dairy farms that are thickly scattered all over the Fox River valley—a district which for a number of years has borne a well-

THE CITY MILK WAGON.

deserved reputation in this respect. The main shipping points for milk are Crystal Lake, Barrington, Dundee, Gilberts, Algonquin and Huntley, but altogether there are some 160 of them on the Northwestern road alone, with another 200 and over on the Milwaukee and St. Paul and other roads. And the number of these stations is constantly increasing.

On an average some 10,000 cans are shipped to Chicago every day in the year, but during the summer this rises to 12,000 cans and over, while in winter it frequently drops to 8,000. All these milk cans are of uniform size, each holding an even eight gallons, while in other cities these cans are of different sizes, those in New York, for instance, with a capacity of ten gallons. These cans are all owned by the farmers, each of them being compelled to keep two or three sets of them. And this, it may readily be conceived, represents quite a large sum of money. As a matter of fact, the milk dealers of Chicago, big and little, do business on the farmer's capital, that capital being these identical milk cans. However, for the farmer the cost of these cans plays no very considerable part, even in the case of pretty large dairies, which send their twenty-five to forty cans of milk to town each day, while for the big milk dealer the expense would be a very large one, running into the thousands of dollars. Similarly, too, when cans begin to leak or are battered out of shape and become useless, the farmer has

THE MILKING MAID.

again to foot the bill, paying for the purchase of new cans and the repair of old ones. Thus we see once more that the farmer gets the worst of the bargain when dealing with the shrewd city man.

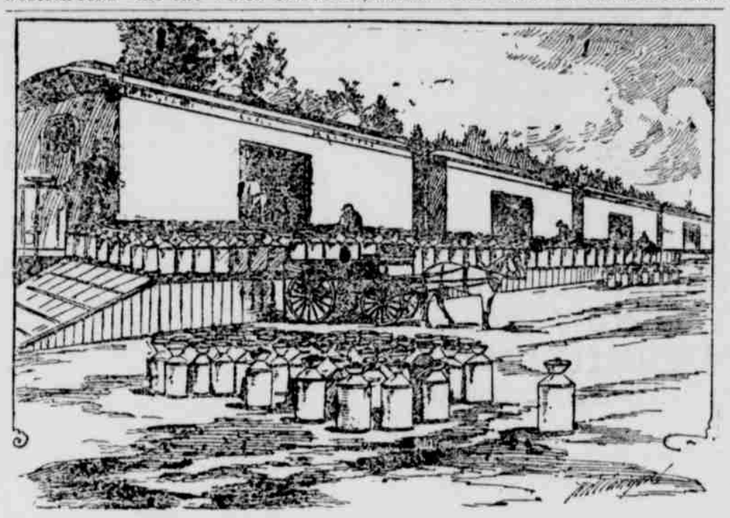
As for the cows which produce the great bulk of the milk we use they nearly all belong to a very common stock of cattle, experience having taught the dairy farmer who supplies our needs that the high-bred cattle, the ponderous Holstein, and the peaceful Jersey, are not so profitable to keep for milking purposes as the cheap animal of mongrel or uncertain breed. For they do not cost as much in the first place, are more hardy and give a larger average yield of milk for the amount of their keep than the more expensive cattle. And the price he gets here for his milk from the dealer is regulated by the market. It is no more for Jersey milk, no matter how rich and creamy, than for the common, every-day kind.

Selling to the Consumer.

The larger milk dealers in Chicago usually have laid out their business on such a plan as to divide the day into two trips. The first one of these begins about 4 a. m. and winds up at 10 a. m. Then, shortly after, the milk train arrives with a supply of fresh milk from the country. Part of this is at once, after submitting it to the usual test, transferred to wagons and disposed of during the afternoon trip. The other half is taken to the milk depot and stored safely till the next morning. This is done by standing the cans in capacious vats lined with galvanized iron.

Milk in Transit.

Milk cars, expressly built for the purpose and best adapted for the shipping of the lacteal fluid over long distances, are used. These are very much like the ordinary baggage car, with a wide, sliding door on either side. As these cars are perched up, early in the morning, at the various milk stations along the route of each milk branch, loaded with their wholesome, fresh freight, long milk trains are formed. On the Northwestern road—the one which traverses



LOADING THE MILK TRAIN.

the richest dairy country and does by far the largest business in this line—there are, for example, two such enormous milk trains sent over the line each day. Either of these trains consists of seventeen cars and one runs through the Fox river valley district, while the other taps the Wisconsin division line. When fairly under way, after leaving Huntley, for instance, or Crystal Lake, these milk trains scoot along at an enormous rate of speed, fully as fast as the limited express trains, at times running fifty miles per hour. A milk train thus seen flying through space is like a streak of bright, golden lightning, for each car is of a rich yellow hue. Contrary to popular belief, the violent motion of the cars does not injure the milk perceptibly. There is no churning of it, in other words, but if otherwise delivered in good order, and if stored conveniently in the car, the milk arrives here in first-class condition after a ride perhaps of fifty or eighty miles. To see to it, though, that the milk was in good form in the first place is one of the chief points the dairy farmer has to look out for.

After milking his cows in the early morning, the farmer has to see to it that his milk is at once placed in the cooling vats so as to thoroughly extract all the animal heat in the fluid. This process is a simple one, each can of milk being placed neck high in cool or cold water,

THE FOUNTAIN HEAD.

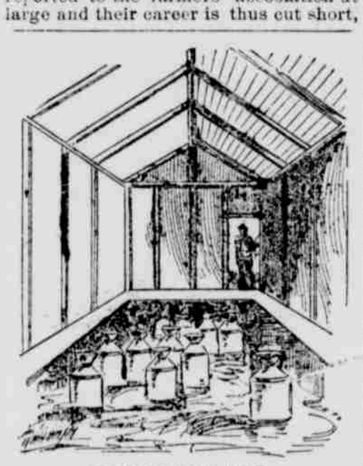
and usually it requires but from twenty minutes to half an hour to cool the milk sufficiently for shipment. Then each farmer, of course, has to see to it that his daily stock of milk is taken to the depot so as to be in readiness for the arriving milk train. On the way there, if the sun is hot, he has to shield his milk from the direct rays of the sun. At the larger milk stations, such as those named above, one or more milk cars are left over night at the depots, enabling the farmers to load their milk. The train is thus gradually made up, generally between 7 and 8 in the morning, and it arrives in town between 10 and 11.

Arriving in the City.

The system of distributing the milk after its arrival in town has been nearly brought to perfection. The Northwestern Road, for instance, has no fewer than six milk stations within the city limits. These are located at Clybourn place, at Western avenue, at 12th street, at 16th street, at Clinton street, and at Indiana and Jefferson streets. Of these the two large ones are those named last, but just now the railroad company is remodeling the large milk depot at Indiana and Jefferson streets, transferring it one block north, to Erie and Jefferson, and considerably improving the facilities. The enormous milk platform now being constructed there is being specially built for the purpose.

On the arrival of a milk train at any of these stations the platform is crowded with seventy-five, one hundred or more wagons, each waiting for its load of milk. From the big milk dealers a string of wagons each is present, while the smaller dealers have, perhaps, only one or two wagons there. Altogether there are just about an even 1,000 milk dealers in town. A few of these sell hundreds of cans daily to their patrons, one company alone 350 cans, or 2,800 gallons. But the bulk of them, being small dealers, are satisfied with ten cans or less. Each can is properly marked and labeled, so that no mistake can occur as to its destination. On each milk train, however, there is a milk conductor, and his experience and skill materially assist in the task of assigning and delivering each lot of milk cans to the proper consignees. There is, besides, an expert in the employ of the Northwestern Road, who is the milk agent, and who supervises the unloading of each milk train. The freight on all this milk has to be paid by the farmer, and to facilitate this part of the business, milk tickets are sold to the farmers at stated rates, each ticket being for a can of regulation size. In this way a great deal of time and bother is saved, both to the company and to the dairy farmer. These tickets are sold in quantities ranging from 100 to 500 at a time, according to the size of each customer's dairy.

Another very material improvement, greatly facilitating the task of buying and selling milk in large quantities, is the establishment of the farmers' associations. This is a properly organized and incorporated body of milk-producing farmers, comprising about 85 per cent. of the dairymen in the region whence Chicago draws her regular supply of milk. The paid officers of this association have charge of collecting the money due each member from milk dealers in this city for milk sent. Each farmer owns stock in this association



IN THE COOLING-ROOM.

and each pays 5 cents per can for collecting payment therefor. Local dealers who are found to be not reliable or slow in paying up are, quite naturally, reported to the farmers' association at large and their career is thus cut short, at least so far as dealing with members of the association is concerned.

Very extravagant notions are entertained on the part of the great public on the subject of adulteration of milk. It is safe to say that not nearly so much of this sort of thing is practiced as is generally supposed. However, fraud exists in this line, though it may be stated right here that by far a greater deal of it is practiced by the Chicago dealer than by the farmer who sends his milk to be used.

The methods for testing milk have become generally known in Chicago of late years, and it is now known to be an easy matter to determine, beyond any doubt, whether milk is pure and wholesome or whether some adulteration has been going on. Science has determined that pure milk contains an average as follows:

Water, 87.41 per cent.; fat, 3.27; caseine, 4.06; milk sugar, 4.54; ash, .72.

When less than 12.8 per cent. of the solids are found present in the milk, and less than 3.27 per cent. of fat, the conclusion is inevitable that the milk is of poor quality and probably has been tampered with. Whenever reported evidence of adulteration is discovered as samples from one particular shipper the latter is informed of the fact and unless he mends his ways immediately he is dropped from the list of contributors for good.

Some of the big milk dealers sell none other than pure, rich milk, while others dispose of all kinds of milk, from the best to the poorest. There are dealers in town who purchase from the big firms

DISTRIBUTING THE "SMALL MILK" ON THE WAY TO THE DEPOT.

large quantities of skim milk at 25 cents per can, or at the rate of less than a cent per quart. They in turn sell this skim milk at 2 cents per quart to the small consumers, thus more than doubling their investment. There are other dealers, though, who are unscrupulous enough to mix this skim milk with pure milk and then sell it at the regulation price of 5 or 6 cents per quart. In any event, whether skim milk is sold honestly for what it is or under a false flag, there is money in it to the dealer—big money.

As to prices in general, they are high enough to yield the dealer who has a good milk route made up of paying customers, provided he handles his article carefully and pays due regard to temperature, weather, ice supply, etc., a certain and handsome profit. The dealer pays the farmer at the rate of $1.25 to $1.30 per can of eight gallons in winter, and about 80 cents in summer, thus putting his purchase price at from 2½ to 4 cents per quart. He sells it to his customers in the shape of tickets, of which he will give sixteen per dollar during summer and fourteen during winter, or from 6 to 7 cents per quart.

WONDERS OF A TORNADO.

Curious Things Wrought by Its Marvelous Force.

In Kansas they are telling a lot of most wonderful tales as to what was done by the recent tornado. Here are some of the choicest:

In Greenwood County a boy named Willie Henderson saw his home blown away, and went to a cistern twelve feet deep for protection. There was about three feet of water in the cistern, and he sat on a lot of boards which he threw into it. A tornado took the top off, took out all the water and the boy and carried him fully a hundred feet, where he was dropped, wet to the skin, but otherwise unhurt.

Charles Anderson, living near Towanda, heard a roaring and went to the door to see what it was. As he opened the door the storm struck the house and carried it away, leaving him standing in his night-clothes just where the house had been. It took the house from under his feet, and he says he never felt a breath of wind until after the tornado had passed and the force of the gale was again felt.

A threshing-machine was standing by the side of a barn and the wind tore it to pieces. The boiler of the steam-engine was taken clear over the barn and dropped on the roof of the house of James Donahue, crushing it in, and killing a child aged 6 and breaking Mrs. Donahue's arm. The barn was untouched.

A cow, which was standing in a stable lot near Cherryvale, was carried up to the roof of a house and deposited in such a manner that it was impossible to get her down without killing her.

The family of James Gibson were standing in their door watching the storm when they saw something come rolling down the street toward them. It looked like a log, but bent and twisted in such a way as to excite their curiosity, and as it was stopped in a gutter near their house they went out to make an investigation after the storm had passed. It was the body of a young woman who had been stripped of every stitch of clothing except one stocking, and it was only by this stocking that they were enabled to identify her. It was that of Miss Belle Merritt, who was considered the most beautiful young lady in this part of the country. She was so disfigured that no semblance of her former self remained. She was alive when found, but died within a few hours without recovering consciousness.

The family of George Jackson sought shelter in a cyclone cellar when the storm came up, but a big tree was thrown on the cellar and crushed through, breaking the arm of Mrs. Jackson.

The stripping of chickens of their feathers is reported from several localities, and several stories are told of the marvelous action of the tornado.

Baby and Collie.

A gentleman in southern Connecticut not long ago brought home a collie dog, which, after the fashion of its kind, soon made itself one of the family, and assumed special responsibilities in connection with the youngest child, a little girl three years of age.

One day the gentleman, returning from a drive, as he neared the house noticed the dog in a pasture separated from the road by a stone wall. From behind this wall the collie would spring up, bark, and then jump down again, constantly repeating the performance.

The man left his horse and went to the spot. There he found his little girl seated on a stone, with the collie keeping guard beside her. The intelligent animal wagged his tail, and barked his delight at seeing his master.

In the light snow the path taken by the child and dog could be plainly seen, and as the father traced it back he saw where the little girl had walked several times around an open well in the pasture. Close to the brink were prints of the baby shoes, but still closer, on the very edge of the well, were the tracks of the collie, which had evidently kept between her and the well.

The faithful creature seemed to know that upon him lay the responsibility of keeping the child from a terrible death.

Playing Cards.

Dr. Rudolph Lothan, of Vienna, says this year "is the fifth century of the playing card." He says the first game of cards ever played was Tarok or Naili; in which every card was symbolic of "a phase of life, a degree of knowledge, or one of the powers ruling human existence." One of the pasteboards was named "Il Misero," doubtless our knave, and was easily involved in all sort of unpleasant complications. Tarok has been reviled in Paris, where the search for novelties is so relentlessly prosecuted, even at the expense of the old.

QUEEN'S GREAT-GRANDCHILD.

Little Lady Alexandra Duff, Whose Grandpa Will Be King of England.

This is a portrait, taken by her mamma's permission, of little Lady Alexandra Duff, who has some chance of coming one day to the throne of Great Britain, says the New York Journal. This baby princess is the daughter of the Duke of Fife and Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales. She is said to look remarkably like her august great-grandmother, Queen Victoria.

The little personage is descended on both sides from our old friend George III., who was obliged to give us up on account of a slight difference in views on taxation. The pedigree of her father is traceable back through Lady Agnes Hay, who married the earl of Fife, to Elizabeth Fitz Clar-

LADY ALEXANDRA DUFF.

ence, wife of the sixteenth earl of Errol and daughter of the duke of Clarence and Mrs. Jordan by whom he had ten children but whom he could not marry because he was a royal person. The duke of Clarence was afterward William IV.

Lady Alexandra looks as if she meant to have a grand time in the world and if royalty holds out, no doubt she will. She is already "patroness" of a charitable work. If Prince George of Wales should die childless, and she should outlive him, the throne will be hers.

How Hayes Became a Millionaire.

Ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio, was recently in Norwich, Conn., which was the home of his Burchard ancestors from whom he received his given names. He is said to have had for his mission the discovery of facts with reference to the Burchard lineage, which he has long desired to possess but could not obtain without a visit to the Nutmeg town. President Hayes has been so quiet in his life since he left the presidential office in 1880 that very few people know that he is a wealthy man and possibly even a millionaire. The uncle after whom he was named left him large tracts of real estate in the city of Toledo, which is only a short distance from Fremont, where he has always made his home, where he practiced law and where he enlisted in the United States army. The growth of Toledo had made this property worth from $300,000 to $400,000 as early as 1876, when he entered the white house, but it was not an income paying-property to any large extent until within the last ten or twelve years. The growth of Toledo and a series of improvements, including the construction of buildings for business and residence purposes, has in that time about doubled the value of the property.—New York Press.

An Ice-Breaking Ferry Boat.

The ice which forms in the Straits of Mackinac in the intensely cold winter of that latitude is so thick that navigation by ordinary vessels would be out of the question. But the transfer boat by which the passenger cars of the Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic Railroad are ferried across at that point is not an ordinary vessel by several shades of difference. It is of huge size and prodigious strength, and carries twenty-four steam engines for its various needs. Its bow hangs obliquely out so that it climbs on the ice and then pounds and crushes it, the water being sucked from beneath by propeller blades to make the operation more effectual. It is often a cold day in the Straits, but the transfer boats never get left.

The Deadly Green Drink.

The fundamental principle of absinthe is a resinous substance derived from wormwood. This resin, with a number of essences made from aromatic plants, constitutes the famous French drink, which is so poisonous that a tablespoonful in a pure state is almost certain to cause convulsions to an inexperienced drinker, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It is believed by physicians that the brain disease which absinthe produces is absolutely incurable, for the substance of the brain is changed by the poison, and after the absinthe drinker has accustomed himself to his daily dose a fatal termination is a matter of no long time.

Grave Joke.

A Philadelphia funeral team did service at a wedding a few days ago, and the dozing driver allowed the horses to carry the bridal couple into a cemetery.

THE suicides and defalcations in Berlin ought to warn Kaiser Wilhelm that Germany is overstrained. But will he be wise in time?

ST. LOUIS has no notion of "putting up the shutters." She is going to build two new million-dollar hotels.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Joke'ets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable.

What Made His Tongue Slip.

Gazzam—That was a bad slip of the tongue on Hunker's part.

Maddox—Yes, he had just eaten a banana.—Judge.

The Difficulties of Cerberus.

First head—I say.

The other two—What?

F. H.—I see a friend of mine coming. If you two don't object I'd like to wag our tail.—Life.

Some Assistance.

The visitor had found Mr. Ardup at last and sat down to recover his breath.

"I should think it would make you awfully tired," he said mopping his forehead with his hankerchief, "to climb all these flights of stairs. Why don't you get a room nearer the ground floor?"

"It wouldn't make you feel so tired to climb them," answered Mr. Ardup gloomily, "if you had as many creditors pushing you as I've got."

Poor Fellow.

The man has "more than a dish to wash,"
Who is trying to look his best,
With a this year's pair of trousers on,
And a last year's coat and vest.
—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Curious to Know.

Shawber—What do you think of my new picture, old man?

Singerly—Pretty fair. How many (puff) of these cigars did you get with it?—Detroit Free Press.

A Useless Tip.

Waiter (to guest who has just finished a cheap meal)—Haven't you forgotten something, sir?

Guest—Oh, yes; here's a tip; it's the one I lost on at the races this afternoon.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Could'nt Endure Him.

"Is Mary happy with her new husband?"

"No."

"I thought he was perfect."

"He is. That's the trouble."—Judge.

Matrimonial Amenities.

"Even the grip has its good points," said pretty Mrs. Jones. "It's apt to make a charming widow of one."

"Well, it'll never make a charming widow of you," said her grumpy husband; "I'd cut my throat before I'd let it do that."—Exchange.

Then He Understood.

"Browning, dear," said Mrs. Emerson, of Boston, to her husband, "what is a cutaneous pastime?"

"A cutaneous pastime, love? I never heard of such a thing."

"Well, I heard two men on the street car talking, and one of them spoke of a skin game."—Judge.

An Unquestioned Insult.

Parson—Are you of age?

Giddy bride—Yes. I——

Parson—Excuse me. I was questioning the young man.

Giddy bride (indignantly)—Come, Hen. I hain't goin' to stand here an' be insulted, if I never get married!—Puck.

A Good Doctor to Employ.

"There goes Dr. Penman. Very few of his patients die suddenly."

"Indeed! Skillful man?"

"Skillful with the pen. Writes his prescriptions so legibly that the druggists' clerks can always make them out."—New York Press.

He Didn't Use It.

Kansas Granger (to bookseller)—"Say, mister, I want a volium of po'try; some good, old-fashioned po'try. None of yer new-fangled trash."

Polite Bookseller—"Ah, perhaps you would like a Chaucer!"

Granger—"No, thankee; I don't use the weed."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Preposterous.

Tailor—I've come in to collect the bill for your last year's spring suit, sir.

Howell Gibbon—Yes. But I can't wear that suit another year.

Tailor—What's that got to do with it?

Howell Gibbon—How am I going to pay for it when I've got to get another suit?—Puck.

Been There.

Binks—I got a sure tip on the race yesterday.

Minks—That so? How much did you lose?—Exchange.

The Closer the Better.

"Do I crowd you too close?" asked a handsome young man in an overloaded car.

"Oh, dear, no, sir," replied the grateful girl, who was 28 and had had never had a beau.—Judge.

How Nature Apportions.

"He hardly seems bright enough to run a paper."

"Oh, pshaw! he doesn't run it—he owns it."—Puck.